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AN ART- PORTRAITURE.

I.

His youth not turbulent, had yet unrest,
 Here quiet, there disturbed with boyish pranks,
 Deserving now some blame, and then much thanks,
 He made his friends more happy than distressed;
 His teachers were not men, who could divest
 Themselves of method's shackles, by whose clanks
 They drilled their classes with apportioned ranks,
 And, for convenience, mixed the worst and best.
 'Twas years, not aptitude, that gauged their skill,
 And vacancies were only meant to fill,
 As though all boys in the same mint were stamped.
 They called him sluggish, for they could not see
 That pent-up action could but sluggish be,
 And rated Nature, by themselves so cramped.

II.

From rivalry at school he turned away,
 As from a poisoned cup with honeyed brim;
 Coercion came like desert blast to him,
 Turned sweets to wormwood, and embroiled the day.
 He longed, but dared not, to out-lord the sway
 Of gusty, pigmy, pedagogic whim,
 Which ruled the pupil through a quaking limb,
 As though the spirit were the thing of clay.
 He dreaded all those stated visitations,
 Dreaded to be a part of that contrived
 To show deception, more than learning, thrived;
 And if he chanced to win unwished laudations,
 He bore them as those drops distilled by fear,
 Which, though they glistened, showed that pain was here.

III.

In earliest youth the books he read were few,
 And more than learn what was already done,
 What nations had been and the course they run,
 He thought what he himself might scheme anew.
 And, as to riper state of mind he grew,
 He sought the Past's great sepulchre alone,
 And loved to scrape the mosses from its stone,
 And bring what we call History to view.
 To talk with aged men he mostly cared,
 Whose brows, as 'twere, in reverence were bared,
 Because they stood so near their God on Earth;
 With men, bent with the fruitage of good deeds,
 Like autumn trees, from which he plucked the seeds,
 For future harvests, and of sterling worth.

IV.

When in a fevered chamber once he lay,
 Between the tossings of his burning frame,
 He watched the hissing night-lamp's dying flame,
 Saw it in fitful flashes fade away,
 Just as the first, faint glimmer of the day
 The cock did loudly from the yard proclaim;
 When, to his mind in quivering vagueness came
 Thoughts that had vanished ere he bade them stay.
 It seemed as though *his* little lamp had fled,
 Just as the darkness of his youth was sped,

And dawned the sunlight of maturer mind.
 And as they left him—if he hoped to live,
 It was that he might yet prepare to give
 Perfection to the work he had designed.

V.

It was his lot with friends by death to part—
 Meanwhile his bosom like those lakes did lie,
 (Where falls whatever bird may wander by),
 Drawing to gloom each thought that dared to dart.
 Sorrows, those exhalations of a heart
 In anguish, had been vented with a sigh,
 And he had marked how to a tearful eye,
 Bolder the rayings from life's taper start.
 And yet he did not, as some mourners do,
 Take from the dead their cold, ungenial hue,
 Living, as 'twere, with coffin ready measured;
 But, rather in the casquet of his breast,
 He put such thoughts away from all the rest,
 As if for daily use, too dearly treasured.

VI.

Around his home, in each familiar scene,
 A latent Beauty often took new birth,
 Which, fountain-like and freshening, leaped to earth,
 While from its limpid stream, with changeful mien,
 The goddess soared above, as Art's high queen,
 In form and glory of transcendent worth,
 And whether frowning or with smile of mirth,
 She witched him more than any he had seen.
 For now she beckoned him with laughing eyes,
 And then repulsed him as a maiden coy,
 Till thus with varying and artful guise,
 At last she conquered by her spell the boy,
 Who, wooing not, but won by all her charms,
 Rushed, like a lover, to the Muse's arms.

JUSTIN WINSOR.

ÆOLIAN HARP.

WHAT is it that is gone we fancied ours?
 O, what is lost that never may be told?
 We stray all afternoon, and we may grieve
 Until the perfect closing of the night.
 Listen to us, O grey Autumnal Eve
 Whose part is silence. At thy verge the clouds
 Are broken into melancholy gold;
 The waifs of Autumn and the feeble flow'rs
 Glimmer along our woodlands in wet light;
 Because within thy deep thou hast the shrouds
 Of joy and great adventure, waxing cold,
 Which once, or so it seemed, were full of might.
 Some power it was, that lives not with us now,
 A thought we had, but could not, could not hold.
 O sweetly, swiftly passed!—air sings and murmurs;
 Green leaves are gathering on the dewy bough:
 O sadly, swiftly pass'd!—air sighs and mutters;
 Red leaves are dropping on the rainy mould.
 Then comes the snow, unfeatured, vast, and white.
 O what is gone from us, we fancied ours?

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

New Ross, Ireland.